

that the standard of inspection did not come up to the requirements of Canadian producers of the same article, and that the law which operated upon Canadian produce in the matter of inspection should be applied to that from Newfoundland as well.

This rule has been adopted in spite of the fact that, in accordance with an expressed desire of the Canadian Government, a system of inspection had been already enforced by the Government of Newfoundland calculated to avoid the necessity for re-inspection of Newfoundland produce in our markets. Had any defects been discovered in the character of the inspection, they were still quite as open to remedy in Newfoundland as here, and without subjection to the extra tax. The effect of this re-inspection is to destroy the commercial value of the article altogether by a compulsory repacking and repickling which no fish can bear, particularly so delicate a fish as a well-cured Labrador or Newfoundland herring, which, as an article of fat and luscious food, is as superior to our Canadian produce as a Yarmouth bloater is to a Digby herring.

We have no reason, then, to complain of the retaliatory, though equally unwise and unconstitutional, measure of the Newfoundland Government, which, by placing a duty of five shillings per barrel on our flour, has brought a very lucrative trade with the Dominion to a sudden and peremptory close. Hitherto the volume of trade between the two countries has amounted to between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 annually; under our present relations it has been reduced to nil.

If this hostile legislation is merely intended to punish Newfoundland for its abstinence from Confederation, it is at least satisfactory to know that our own Government, which has been largely to blame for checking all its tendencies in that direction, must take its share of the offence as well as of the punishment. Had happier counsels and more conciliatory dispositions prevailed, Newfoundland, whose delegates accepted the Quebec Resolutions on well-defined conditions, would to-day have been a member of the Confederacy, and the volume of our trade with her would have been represented by \$12,000,000 to \$14,000,000 instead of the bagatelle to which it has been reduced by the utterly childish and absurd policy which has destroyed the fair proportions which it had already attained.

Toronto.

Yours, etc.

TERRANOVA.

HOW NOT TO DROWN.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—The very pertinent question recently asked in THE WEEK—"Why do we Drown?"—is one which year by year calls more loudly for consideration. The ominous heading, "Death by Drowning," is becoming of so frequent occurrence in our newspapers as to rarely excite any emotion in the breast of the reader other than a transient feeling of commiseration. The main cause of this mortality appears to be two-fold: First, carelessness, as manifested by tyros when out in "cockle-shells," the management of which they do not understand, changing seats, tying sails, etc.; and, secondly, the neglecting to make use of our abundant facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the art of swimming. Nine of every ten ordinary cases of drowning would have been prevented had the unfortunates been able to keep themselves afloat during the short interval of time that elapsed ere the arrival of assistance.

The natural facilities for bathing, to say nothing of the swimming-baths, afforded by the innumerable waterways of our Dominion are not surpassed in any other country in the world; and in the face of this it seems inconceivable that so few, comparatively speaking, have any practical knowledge of the art of swimming. We do not mean by practical knowledge the knowing how to swim a few strokes, but the ability to swim a quarter, nay a mile or two if necessary. We once heard a mother say to her son: "—dear, don't you ever go near the water till you can swim." And so it generally is. Though acknowledging the desirability of their children knowing how to swim, mothers place every conceivable obstacle in the way of their acquiring a knowledge of that art. Let such mothers ask themselves is this over caution wise. It is all the more necessary that children should learn to swim while young, as the cases in which a man who did not learn to swim in his youth ever acquires that knowledge will be found few and far between.

The true secret of swimming may be told in one word—confidence. With confidence, and an ordinary amount of intelligence anybody could swim. Most of those drowned are drowned by their own fears. It is well known that the natural buoyancy of the body in water is so great that if it remain motionless it will float of itself. Possessed of perfect confidence in this buoyancy of his body in water, and a knowledge of the way in which to move his arms and legs, we see no reason why man of all animals should not be able to swim when first he enters the water.

Now, granted a man in deep water, unable to swim, and having nothing within reach to which he could cling for support—how could he keep his head above water? He could either float or tread water. To do the first he need only to keep himself perfectly still. The second is rather more difficult of accomplishment, but easy enough to one gifted with cool nerves. An expert can by this means keep his head and shoulders above water for some time; and it is easy enough for even a beginner to keep his nose and mouth out for a sufficient length of time to allow of inflating the lungs with air, even though every wave should wash over his head.

Toronto.

M. S. HERBERT.

SONNET.

VICTOR HUGO.

BESANÇON's son is dead! Fair France's wail,
Sounding afar where'er his magic name
Kindles anew expiring freedom's flame,
Like moaning echoes through an Alpine vale
Is answered back on every passing gale,
Forming a mighty requiem, grander far
Than ever rose o'er Emperor's funeral car.
That shrouded corse shall yet make tyrants quail:
For millions yet unborn that master hand
Shall point the way to liberty's fair shrine;
Those ringing tones, that voiced inspiring song
When despot rule debased his own loved land,
To countless heroes massed in serried line
Shall sound the tocsin for the whole world's wrong.

CHAS. W. PHILLIPS.

THE TRAMP.

Scion of Ishmael's outcast race, he traverses the land
From broad Atlantic's granite cliffs to blue Pacific's strand;
The frozen North has gazed on him, and Southern winds have played
Around his uncombed shaggy locks beneath the mango's shade.
Of conscience only innocent, he wends his tortuous way,
And rifled hen-roosts, plundered barns, yield tribute to his sway.
Seek ye a godless rascal, an unmitigated scamp?
Ho! self-sufficient vagabond—Hail! soap-despising Tramp.

His linen is not pure—in fact it harbours more than the
Hop-skip-and-jumping vagaries of the gently-nurtured flea;
His boots (one "Wellington," the other nondescript) are shorn
With tender care in little slits that ease the venom'd corn;
Button and brace are naught to him except as old wife's tales;
Stout bits of twine are all he asks, secured by honoured nails;
And a good thick stick, for legends such as "cave canem" cramp
The mis-directed genius of the philosophic Tramp.

His fighting pulse beats normally when manhood bars the way,
But if 'tis only petticoats then changed 's the time o' day;
No bully in Alsatian haunts when "vapouring the huff"
Equalled his frothy violence, or spake in tones more gruff.
But there are modern Joans of Arc who make a plucky stand
With Household Honour in their hearts and a "Shooter" in each hand;
And then 'tis laughable to watch that troubadour decamp
With the injured feelings of a circumtittivated Tramp.

Churches he views with some respect—from taxes they're exempt;
But for work or aught like cleanliness he's the loftiest contempt.
The civil courts are neath contempt, bum-bailiffs unknown ills;
He ne'er receives a morning call for unpaid tradesmen's bills.
His blinking eyes with tears for human kind are never dim;
His griefs are little unto men, far less are theirs to him.
If nonchalance for others' woes be true patrician stamp
There's none can "down" that nobleman, the free and easy Tramp.

Confused ideas of *mine* and *thine* lodge him in durance vile;
When freedom dawns, and spring's not here, what's he to do meanwhile?
He solves the problem in a trice—joins the Intemperate cause
As a "terrible example" of Dame Nature's outraged laws.
This keeps him like a fighting-cock, but the moment winter's gone
He skips from grace with all that he can lay his clutches on,
And anger reigns when it is known in Prohibition's camp;
"Evin 'elps the chap wot 'elps 'isselt" 's the motto of a Tramp.

Yet sneer not lightly at him, friends, whilst we these torrid days
Burn life's short candle at each end he strolls by pleasant ways;
Whilst we with noses at the grindstone slave, his mid-day dream
Pulses beneath umbrageous shades hard by some babbling stream.
What though we rest on feathered couch when night dew's kiss the day—
'Tis just as clean, and cooler far, to snore on new-mown hay.
Oh could we have our morning tub, our night-cap free from damp,
We'd change with thee O, Scallawag!—we would, illustrious Tramp!

H. K. COCKIN.

EURIKLEIA.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNEEGANS.]

THE boat was approaching the Turkish bank of the Danube. The foaming waves of the noble river flashed and sparkled in the fresh light of the rising October sun, and away to the southward, towering above the Bulgarian plain, the rugged, mysterious outline of the distant summits of Babadagh, an offshoot of the Balkan range in the swampy region of the Lower Danube, met the eye; while upon the Roumanian side of the stream, which here widens out into a broad and sea-like estuary, the busy trading town of Galacz, with its white houses, and tin-roofed cupolas, and its hundreds of steamships and sailing vessels, lay as yet half slumbering and only half awake, under a light veil of mist. Shading his eyes from the bright sunlight with his left hand, while his right rested upon an old-fashioned, double-barrelled gun, polished with use, a weather-beaten form bent over the side of the boat. His searching glance roamed slowly over the clay-built huts and the stunted trees, which, twisted by the strong east wind out of all form and shapeliness, rose sparse and scattered along the river banks and the sedgy background.

"I can make out a horse already," said the hunter fluently in French, turning the while to his companions; "the cavasse cannot be far off, but there is no sign as yet of the waggon promised us by the pasha."

It was in truth a motley company which found itself united in this boat. After the close of the Crimean War, the Great Powers had appointed an international commission in order to settle certain important matters of detail which had been foreseen by the Treaty of Paris. This commission had its headquarters in the Moldavian trading town of Galacz, and the company which was now crossing the Danube in order to undertake a hunting expedition in the Babadagh, was composed of the members of the various secretariats and the staff of engineers attached to them. The majority of the party were young amateurs, ignorant of hunting on such a scale and in such a country,